

11. FEB. 1956

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA LIBRARY



0 0003 0700 272

# STET

1956

PUBLISHED BY THE GATEWAY

LH  
3  
A3  
S94  
v.4  
1956

HSS



Ex LIBRIS  
UNIVERSITATIS  
ALBERTAENSIS





# STET

A LITERARY SUPPLEMENT TO THE GATEWAY  
EDITED BY NICK WICKENDEN  
AND TED YOUNG

LH  
3  
A358  
v. 4  
1956  
c. 2

February

1956

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
Editorial .....	4
The Story Of Bailey ..... Mary Humphrey	5
Bulldozer ..... Phillip Heath	8
New Year's Eve In The Rockies ..... Rudy Wiebe	9
On A Dead Butterfly ..... Lorna K. Lyle	12
Sunday Concert ..... Margot Gwynn	13
Translations ..... Ian Adam	14
Was A Very Hot Day ..... Merle I. Scott	15
Ian With A Barrow ..... Mary Humphrey	17
Equiesco ..... Lorna K. Lyle	19
Eurotic ..... I. R. Balet	20
Oedipus Rex ..... 'Jameron'	21
Sonnet ..... Fred Clandfield	23
On The Vigilant ..... Helen J. Eisert	24
Hope ..... Lorna K. Lyle	25
Food ..... Margot Gwynn	26
Neology ..... A. R. Balot	26
There's Something In Going To Sea ..... Phillip Heath	27
The Barrier ..... Ted Young	29

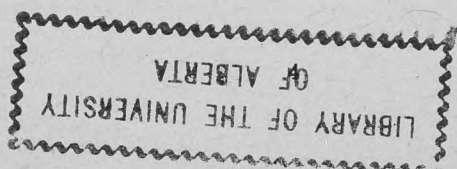
# EDITORIAL



*Stet* first appeared in 1947, under the auspices of The Gateway. It was intended to present the work of University of Alberta student writers in a more permanent and readable form than that of the newspaper literary supplement which it replaced. It became an independent magazine, and in 1950 published three large issues; but student interest then declined until 1953, when *Stet* was formally abolished.

In reviving *Stet*, albeit on a modest scale, The Gateway has high hopes that the interest which has been shown in it to date will continue to increase, making possible larger, more lavish and perhaps more frequent issues in future. In the meantime, we hope we have succeeded in obtaining the best creative writing now being done by Alberta students, and in designing an attractive format for it.

'*Stet*' is Latin, meaning 'let it stand'. As a vehicle for student writing, *Stet* cannot indeed offer the most polished and mature work. No doubt, some of its authors will in future years look back with a blush on their youthful productions. But *Stet* is worth reading—and keeping—for all that. It embodies the honest feelings and thoughts of its writers, expressed as best they know how. As such it is a valid record, and will remain so. Let it stand! —N.W.





MARY HUMPHREY

## *The Story of Bailey*

---

The man driving the old car looked up when he came to the tall, narrow dwelling that was shedding its paint all alone in the heat. An old woman's bird-like face stared out its upstairs window at him. He drove up in front of the house. A crazy rooster ran squawking across the rutted road. He hit it. When he got out of the car, the man kicked the bloody mess of feathers out of sight behind a front tire.

He rubbed his sweaty fist on his chin. He wiped his eyes. They always ached behind them, in the back of his head. Then he took a big, cardboard box out of the rear of his car and walked backwards into the building so that he could look up at the ugly, uncomfortable sky. The door was open. He grunted and heaved the box onto the kitchen table. 'Hey, fellas, Hey, Popo! It's me, Bailey!'

He heard running on the rickety stairs. Out of the gloomy interior the little old woman flew at him, her black eyebrows fluttering up and down like bat-wings. 'Go away . . . You go away quick now!' she whispered. Her hands clawed frantically at the man's shirt. The man pushed her aside like a piece of paper.

'Hey, Popo!'

The old woman fluttered over to the white table. She pointed at Bailey's cardboard box. 'Ah, you bring it again! You promise me you no bring it here again.' She clawed futilely at the box. Bailey looked down into the brilliant, black eyes that looked like currants hidden in the creases of a withered apple. The women's eyebrows fluttered erratically; she turned from the table to Bailey. 'You promise. You promise me,' she said in a voice like dead leaves.

Bailey reached out and put a heavy hand on one of her shoulders. 'Where is everybody, old woman?' She shivered.

'Please, Meister Bailey,' she whined. 'Go. Please go. He is going to die today. Yesterday the Padre is come.'

Bailey took away his hand. 'Don't say. So that's it. We're waiting for the old man to finally kick off. Thought I'd never live to see the day. Where is he? —Upstairs?' Bailey started forward in the room of no sunlight.

She followed him, making sounds like a dog whimpering. They walked slowly up the steep stairs. Bailey stopped at the head.

The old man, suddenly withered and yellow with the sickness, lay on

a cot under the window. His four sons stood looking at him from one wall. No one paid any attention to Bailey. He just stood at the head of the stairway, aware of his weight and fatigue. As if she, too, were looking at the ill man for the first time, the woman uttered a little cry and perched herself at his pillow. She looked out the window where Bailey had first seen her. 'It is black out, Papa.' The woman twisted her shawl and played with it in her hands. 'It is black, Papa,' she crooned.

'Hey, you guys,' said Bailey.

The old man lifted his sweating limbs under the sheet. Immediately, the woman seized her shawl and wiped the sweat from his hollowed face. Red and green and yellow stripes . . . Bailey felt the sweat trickle through his hair. He patted at his hair awkwardly, with the flat of his hand. Bailey looked at the four young men lined against one wall, their brown faces oiled with sweat. Bailey felt that the whole building must be sweating. He looked down at his feet as if expecting to see a little pool of sweat.

'Hey, Popo—hey, you guys, I brought you the stuff. I got the stuff.'

The four men did not look at Bailey; they stared at the old man, waiting.

'Uh—How's about paying me?'

No one spoke. The room under the eaves smelled very hot. 'I said I got the stuff. You can pay me now. Uh. Oh, hell,' said Bailey. 'Jeze, this heat. What're you waiting for. Are you waiting for him to kick off? Hell, I wanna' get outa'

here! Why doesn't he hurry up and kick off?' The sweat trickled over Bailey's peeling sunburned back, underneath the plaid shirt that smelled of sleep.

The tableau moved slowly. The short, fat one spoke thickly, 'He is wait for the rain.'

Bailey looked at the old man who was supposed to be dying. 'It hasn't rained in this godforsaken desert for years.'

'Papa is wait all his life for it to rain.' The woman wiped dust from the window with her shawl. 'Every year we pray for the great rain.' The candles at the old man's bed side flickered. 'It is black today; but it must hurry.'

The son spoke again, 'You wait Mister Bailey. We must wait with him for the rain. Then we'll pay you the money for the stuff.'

'Why, you crazy Indians! It won't rain today. Or tomorrow either, or the next day or the next!' Bailey's face felt heavy and unwashed. 'Or the next day.'

'You bad, Meister Bailey,' said the woman quickly and carefully, looking out the dirty window. 'You make my Popo bad, my boys bad. They not bad boys. You make them crazy with the sweet, yellow water. You bad. Papa and me, we work here all life. We sell fine groceries. Our boys good boys, strong—'

'Hah!' shouted Bailey.

Very quietly, in the hot room, the old woman said, 'you bad. You go now. Let Papa be peace to die.'

'I won't go! Your damn sons owe for the rum downstairs!' shouted Bailey. He was surprised to hear

his voice so loud. He moved his big body to create some air. But he could not turn around and walk back down the stairs. He just stood, and waited too. He did not know why.

The old woman rocked a little on her hips. 'Papa good man. See the black, Papa.' She pointed out the window at the vague sky and fussed with the old man's sheet.

Bailey fumbled for a rag in his pants pocket. He rubbed the sweat from his dirty chin, hard. The heat fell heavily, slowly from the bare ceiling. 'Pay me so I can go—Goddammit, it ain't gonna' rain you crazy bunch of Indians! You hear me!'

No one in the whole room moved. Bailey writhed in the heat. The heat . . . . Bailey lifted up his arms to the naked ceiling and let the sweat trickle down from his armpits. 'It ain't gonna' rain, you crazy Indians!' he cried hoarsely. And then his voice died. Sickness began to churn in the pit of his stomach, in the roof of his mouth. The Indians did not move. Why didn't they move? They were unreal. Apparitions. Bailey reached out his hand with the dirty rag still in it, as if to squash the four stupid young men, and the old man that was sick; and the old woman who danced crazily before his vision like crumpled bedclothes on a halluci-

nary's shadowed wall.

He wanted to crush the rotten walls, grind the worms and cobwebs under the soles of his feet. Why should it rain? How could it rain? What did it matter to him? He didn't care. 'Pay me so I can go.'

Bailey wanted to bury his face in the palms of his hands and sob with an open mouth.

Outside the dirty wind threw up dust into the cracks in the building. Violently, like a sick headache, dust grated over the window. There was a single crash of thunder, a single great hammer blow on a great wooden spike.

Rain began to drop onto the roof and onto the dusty window. The sky rippled through the rain water on the window pane until Bailey couldn't see. He remained with his arms uplifted; and he felt suddenly cold.

Silently the tableau in the bedroom moved. The four men each took a corner of the old man's cot. The woman followed, chanting under her breath, clawing at the shawl. They put the old man on the ground to die in the clean cool rain.

Bailey followed the procession, wondering vaguely if he would stay with them and get wet, or if he would get into his car and drive off into the yellow flatlands beyond the rain.



## *Bulldozer*

I doze the world, I change the earthly scene.  
Doze, doze, with the blunt nose,  
And a flat caterpillar tread,  
And a hard head;  
Unsentimental, ungentle.  
Watermeadows with flowers,  
In a matter of hours, are gone;  
Old forests where the sun shone  
Through the shadows come within my range;  
All is change,  
From land to sand,  
From hand to hand,  
Old lives, new money I turn over.  
I doze the world, I change the earthly scene,  
For the new life that comes with tomorrow  
Always tomorrow preceded by sorrow  
For the old world I turn over  
With my bull nose dozing.

—P. G. HEATH

RUDY WIEBE

## New Year's Eve in the Rockies

---

Come, let us go  
Out through half-crusted snow, —  
There where the mountains lean upon the sky  
And watch the moon rise sullenly and dry  
One the iced world: there where its light  
Glints like a spirit on the crystals of the night —  
And watch the new year stalk the dead  
Into the west.

Yes, let's be off —  
But down to see if she still wants to dance  
The New Year in at Ciro's, or perhaps — ?  
Why waste tonight? Tomorrow night the moon  
Will rise as large. Tonight we can — you know —  
Perhaps aspire to greater things than 'shimmering snow'.

*from my doorstep on the slope  
one can see the twisting squirms  
where the frost-lit valleys grope  
through the mountains' like long worms  
crawling slow;  
how they bump against the rocks  
and curl, sleeping, wrapped in snow.*

I look,  
And I would like to go back, higher,  
Where no bard has touched the lyre  
Of Apollo; where, serene and gaunt,  
The peaks have lain beneath a milk-and-water sky  
For eons, and no man has seen or sung their majesty.

And I would like to go down into town,  
Where intimate the laughter soon will ring  
From hot, oft-tasted lips. So, why not go  
Through town and climb those other peaks  
We have not yet explored. And, perhaps,  
They will be more rewarding than the ones  
Behind us.

And again, while going there,  
You'll blind us?

Just down and across the valley,  
It will make no difference, surely.

*town streets, snow rutted  
like a frozen worm gutted;  
on which yawning men  
spend half their lives  
hanging from bus-rails,  
while a yawning man drives.*

We should not have come  
Through these crisp yet spottily smelling streets,  
Passing shops where grease-slimes hamburgers are king  
Because they make the cash register ring;  
Where even now a woman turns and looks, again,  
With open, calculating, melting eyes  
Through that half-thawed-off window. —  
I tell you, I will go!  
See how those peaks immortalize the sky!  
No poet yet has sung them, though  
Majestic far above Parnassus —  
But I — tonight —  
The last night of a night-clubbed year —  
Ever have I followed you  
And ever have I swilled with swine.  
When, as I now, have, wished to climb the heights  
On muse-borne wings divine  
And see the moon-bared mountains in the light  
Of poet's eyes — when they, like sleeping angels,  
Curled and wildly strange,  
Lie drowsing, range on range,  
Tucked in with snow  
And a stark silver glow —  
Instead been led, but half protesting,  
To Thyestian feasts of these my children yet unborn;



Where, with the stupored giggling of women,  
The sound flicking in tatters through the haze  
Like the shrilling of a broken-backed hyena,  
I have drowned the flame within me  
Till only one small prick is left to win me  
Back to triumph.

Think of the cold, perhaps in hip-deep snow,  
And can we surely say the song will come  
As once it did from Delphi, even though  
The night is white? Perhaps he will be dumb —  
And look! we're at her house! Perhaps  
It's just as well we chanced to stray  
Where, if we stroll in through the gate, she'll say,  
'Why, Jon, how very nice!! Come in.'

*midnight bells ring, their refrain  
peals like purple from the rocks,  
quivers, echoes, then again,  
fainter, dying as it mocks  
the new year.  
I, upon Olympian heights,  
Can hear below the dead men cheer.*

No!  
If here in man-ploughed streets I hear a whispered song,  
How much more there, where immortality has long  
Lain, waiting on the peaks for him who would aspire.  
I will no longer, by Molochian fire,  
See my soul shrivelled like cheap bacon in a skillet!

'Why Jon, you silly dear,  
I've seen you standing here  
Beside the gate so long I wonder you're not frozen.  
It's so snug inside. — Come in.'

*her Circe-slanted eyes are warm,  
her shapeliness is lemon-yellow*

Don't be a fool! You know  
We must. Who'll care a rip for all your spew  
Of 'Immortal Parnassus'. No one  
Knows or will know, now or ever. Come on!

No, never, never,  
It's time the world knew and could see  
My real self —

'Jon, I don't thing you heard me —  
I've mixed just loads of punch, and all the cocktails —  
Are you coming, Jon?'

*as Pandorian bees they swarm,  
her charms, and twice as deadly —*

'Jon!'

You fool, come on!

The new year's snow will sift as lightly, thickly  
As angel-feather down, on this year's scars and mottles.  
I hope the snow will veil my *self* as quickly,  
Which will lie coffied in the thrown-out, shattered bottles.

'My dearest, I'm so sorry —'



## *To a Dead Butterfly*

Fragile wings of gossamer  
folded like praying hands,  
Downy body motionless,  
thread-thin legs collapsed,  
Antennae numb  
you lie, frail butterfly,  
upon the dusty road,  
The wind your funeral dirge,  
the flow'rs that once you kissed  
your only mourners.

—LORNA K. LYLE

## Sunday Concert

---

He watched them. Funny things. They made squeaks like mice. Did they know they were mice? He could see they were mice. He had seen mice once—in a zoo. White, white and soft, soft as his kitty. He had touched one. They had let him touch one and it had red eyes. But now he couldn't hear the mice anymore because they were all making a noise together. And there was a funny man up there—a black man, all black except he had white on his front. And now he was waving his arms about. He was holding a stick and he was waving it about—up, down, over there, up, down. He could do it. UP—down—over there—up—down. The man was going faster than he was. He looked at his own hands to make them go faster. That was funny. That was his hand. He moved it closer to look at it. His hand. He opened it, shut it. **His** hand. He clapped them together experimentally. It was his hand. He could feel it. There was something nice about knowing it was his hand. He leaned back against Her. Her arm tightened upon him as he moved. It was nice to sit like his with her holding him. It was safe. The Bears couldn't get him while She was there. It was warm against Her, and he shut his eyes. He slept.

There was a clash from the drums

and he sat up. What were they doing? What was happening? The black man was waving very fast now—very fast. Up, down, across, up, down, across. He could do it! He knew he could. He sat up. Up, down, across. He—. There was a funny noise behind him. Maybe it was a bear. Maybe—. But it wasn't. Another one like her was looking at him and she smiled. He smiled at her—experimentally. She made a funny face at him. He looked at the others. Some of them were looking at him and smiling. But some of them weren't. Some were looking past him. He waved his hand at them. They didn't see him. Maybe they were dead. But they weren't dead. He'd seen a dead bird and She had told him it was dead. Only it shut its eyes. They didn't shut their eyes. They weren't dead. He'd told Her that. He'd told Her they weren't dead. Didn't She know they weren't dead? But She put Her hand over his mouth so he couldn't tell Her. The words couldn't come out. He pushed Her hand away. It was warm. It was warm—Hers was. It was almost as good as Her. And it could keep the bears away. He knew it could keep the bears away. He pulled it up across his stomach and it was warm—so nice and warm—and safe. He slept.



# Translations

(From Baudelaire)

What will you say to-night, my solitary soul  
Once-withered heart, what will you say  
To the lovely one, the pure one, the dear one  
Whose holy glance gave you new birth today?

Proud will we sing her praise: to the fresh  
Incomparable sweetness of her mastery,  
To the angelic perfume of her holy flesh  
To her eye garbing us in luminosity.

Or in the night, and in the solitude,  
Or in the day, and in the multitude,  
A blazing torch, her phantom dances in the air

And sometimes speaks. I am beautiful, I decree  
That you love but beauty, for love of me  
The guardian angel, muse, and Madonna fair.

(From Paul Verlaine)

The long sobs,  
Violin throbs  
Of the fall,  
Pierce my heart  
With their dull  
Languorous call.

Lost for breath  
Pale as death,  
As hours creep,  
I linger on  
Days now gone  
And I weep.

And I wander  
As ill-wind yonder  
Bears my grief  
There and here,  
Like a drear,  
Dead leaf.

—IAN ADAM

MERLE SCOTT

## *It Was a Very Hot Day*

---

The sun had burned an angry hole in the sky, and the clouds cowered along the very rim of the huge, transmittent hemisphere of blue. In the meadow, it was still and lifeless; the earth seemed to have halted in mid-rotation, overcome by the heat, and soon the grass and the leaves would wither and burn. The mountains in the distance were rendered dream-like and insubstantial by the hot, twisted air, and the brilliant, painful, shimmering brightness was everywhere.

In the meadow God leaned against the tired fence that crawled slowly through the knee-deep grass, wiped His damp, dirty face with a ragged sleeve, and breathed heavily. He was weary, and His eyes throbbed from the glare. He climbed through the fence and plodded toward a big, sullen oak that seemed to defy the sun to encroach upon the coolness sheltered beneath its boughs. God entered the coolness appreciatively and sank down in the grass, His back against the stolid trunk. His eyes throbbed mercilessly and He closed them. He was very tired. The big oak hurled defiance at the sun, and sleep was a riptide that swirled over Him, and just as He was succumbing to the dark, dark flood . . .

'Hello there!'

Startled, God opened His eyes. It was a young man, striding through the grass, approaching the oak.

'Hello,' said God.

The young man stopped a few feet from God and squinted down at Him. God returned his gaze, and saw that he was tall and sturdy and tanned; a face that spoke of kindness and humanity, a face that spoke of strength. The young man squinted down at God, and of a sudden, there was a light in his eyes.

'I know You,' he said, 'You are God.'

'Yes,' said God, 'I am He.'

The young man dropped to his knees beside God and fervently clasped His hand. The joy and the humility exulting inside him found expression in his words, as he spoke, 'I have found You at last.'

Silently, intensely, the young man worshipped God with his eyes, then bent impulsively to kiss God's hand.

'No,' said God. 'Since I am the God of mankind, and for mankind, I can never be superior to mankind.'

'But You are the embodiment of all the good in mankind,' said the young man, 'and therefore I worship You.' And he kissed God's hand.

God gazed upon the young man kneeling in the grass before Him,

and dreamed of a time to come when all men would be like this man, when this man would be legion.

The young man looked into God's eyes, and read what was written there, and said to God, 'We are many, my Lord. We seek Your blessing.'

And from these words was born happiness in God's heart, happiness that poured out through the arteries and surfeited His body. 'Gladly will I give my blessing,' said God.

'Then come to the city,' the young man said, 'and receive our adoration.'

'I will come to the city,' said God, 'and receive your friendship and love.'

'Then come,' said the young man.

They arose to their feet and set out across the hot meadow. A breeze had sprung up, and the grass bowed down before them, as if in homage. The sun was no longer angry with the world, and the white clouds scudded playfully across its face, and God was not at all weary.

\* \* \*

It was the time of twilight in the City, and the soft, grey hues caressed and mellowed the angular contours of the buildings. The moon was full, and slivered the streets and the side walks, while high up and above, the stars were beginning to pierce the twilight's transitional fabric. Sounds in the city were muted, movement came but periodically, it was as if the great metropolis were drugged.

And in the city square: the great

mass of people waited expectantly and overflowed into the side-streets; it seemed that the huge square was cobbled with upturned faces. And yet they came soundlessly, and the giant blob of humanity expanded and grew. Thousands upon thousands upon thousands. Their ranks stretched on and on until they were lost in the shadows of the emergent night. Patiently, they waited for God.

And suddenly, God was before them. They sighed. It was like the vibrant surge of a mighty ocean. God Himself looked down upon them, His face no longer grimed, His torn and filthy clothes exchanged for clean. God himself, and they could utter no words with which to greet Him. God Himself, and their selfishness and cynicism seemed to flow out of their very bodies, and when God raised His hand in love for them, and said in a compassionate yet powerful voice, 'Brothers . . .,' they were brothers.

And as God saw all these men united in love, in brotherhood, the tears came to His eyes, and wetted His cheeks . . .

He was cold. A biting wind was hissing across the meadow, driving the rain before it, and the cold, cold drops were sifting through the leaves of the oak and splashing in His face. He was cold and tired. He looked down at His clothes. They were ragged and dirty, and at first, He was baffled and confused; but then He realized that it had all been a dream. God huddled closer to the bole of the tree.



MARY HUMPHREY

## *Man With a Barrow*

---

Old man,  
Rubbing at your eyes,  
Push the barrow  
With a red wheel,  
Full of old melons,  
Up the street.  
The little boy  
With black eyes  
Watches the barrow  
Stumble over the pebbles.

Old man,  
Feeling in your pocket  
Of the old tobacco,  
See the lady  
In the flowered dress,  
Through the glass window  
And gilt letters,  
Having tea cakes for lunch.

Walking over the pebbles,  
Pushing the barrow;  
The melons are cracked  
And dry inside.  
They are covered with dirt  
Where they have lain  
All winter by the stove.  
Are you tired?  
See the red chimneys  
In the blue sky  
The red slate roofs  
On the clean, colored houses;  
Flowers in the gardens,  
And a mailbox.

Up the alley to the hill.  
And dump the barrow  
Full of melons.  
Sit down on the ground by the barrow  
And rest.  
See the beautiful green truck  
Climbing the hill,  
And the pile of brown bottles  
Lying in the matted leaves;  
And rest.

By the hedges going home;  
Take some money  
Out of your leather purse  
To get a meat pie  
For your supper.  
By the hedges going home,  
Dragging the barrow;  
See the little fledgling  
Lying on the sidewalk,  
Fallen from its nest.  
And blue;  
Alone on the sidewalk;  
Don't let the barrow  
Run over it —  
Pick it up —

## *Requiesco*

Spun 'round my body  
closing out the light  
the life,

I sleep and dream:

I drink from lily chalices  
and sail upon the rivers of the moon  
I hear a silver echo  
through the mountain valley

. . . and 'round and 'round  
in my cocoon  
of death.

LORNA K. LYLE

## *The Neurotic*

Down dark lanes, soundless, he ran. Always,  
Through the crowds, in the locked room,  
In the false shelter of sleep,  
The ghoul, mockingly, pursued.

Never for long was it away. Around  
The corners, leering, sneering, it lay.  
At last, quaking, marrow turned to ice,  
He helpless faced the inevitable dread.

A raucous, deperate laugh.  
The shadows — nothing. Only the echoes  
Of footsteps in an empty street  
And thoughts like beetles in the head.

—A. R. BALET



## Oedipus Rex

---

Hareton hated his father. The feeling had been growing on him for some time now, ever since he had only received a nickel for his last report card. His little friend Casper had been given a dime . . . the thought came to him as he plucked the fourth subject for his experiment from the sack. Hmmm, he chuckled softly, conveying it by the tail, and placing it lovingly in position on his apparatus: 'Hmm. A mouse. Four cats—one with spots—and a mouse. Not bad for one afternoon.' For a moment panic seized him; he wondered if the truant officer really did know about him . . . and was storing his thunder, ready to pounce.

Slash; One down.

'I hate my father,' said Hareton.

The basement door opened, and a sweet voice floated down: 'Hareton dear, come wash your hands.' Hareton felt little trills of delight. He stood transfixed, absently wiping his bloody hands on his lovely hand-knit sweater. Then he packed up his Youth Educator Guillotine, and went upstairs.

After dinner, Hareton slithered from his chair, comics under his arm, and dissolved under the hall staircase. Lavinia, his mother, with a worried look, replaced her coffee

cup exactly in its saucer, and lifted all her face to her husband.

'Heathcliffe,' he said. (There were tight little lines around her mouth.) 'Heathcliffe, I'm at my wit's end. The time has come when we must do something about Hareton.'

'What's wrong with him?' said Heathcliffe vaguely, over the edge of the sports page.

'Wrong! . . . you mean you didn't know that funny smell in the kitchen was there because he roasted the cat in the oven? That was yesterday. The day before I found **A Child's History of Necromancy** under his pillow. Today he made an effigy out of your best silk shirt . . . and buried it. And then you ask me what's wrong with Hareton? Your own flesh and blood, Heathcliffe . . . how can you be so disinterested? It's more than I can bear.'

'Boys will be boys,' said Heathcliffe, absently examining the dregs in his coffee cup.

Hareton, who had been eavesdropping, flipped the pages of his **Kurdling Komics** in disgust at his father's words. 'Little does he know,' thought Hareton, 'Dumb. That's it.' He hated his father.

Lavinia was very disturbed at Hareton's behavior the next day.

She watched him make several trips in and out of the basement carrying old pieces of wood, nails, old tin cans.

'Building something, dear?' she inquired maternally.

'Oh, just practising for Manual Arts class,' Hareton answered airily, disappearing into the basement. Lavinia had to call him to dinner twice.

Again at coffee, Lavinia voiced her fears over Hareton's behavior to her husband.

'Heathcliffe, I know something is wrong. The least you could do is pay attention to what I'm saying. After all, I've devoted the best years of my life to you!'

'Yes dear,' said Heathcliffe, switching to the financial page.

'This morning,' Lavinia went on hysterically, 'this morning I heard him humming the Dead March from 'Saul' as he went off to school. This afternoon he refused to go to the barber's—he wants to let his hair grow—and before supper he disappeared into the basement with an armload of wood and all the old blades from your razor.'

'He's just going through a stage, dear,' said Heathcliffe calmly.

The next evening, after dinner, Lavinia returned to the subject of Hareton.

'You know dear,' she burred enthusiastically, her face wreathed in smiles, 'Hareton's improving, I do believe? Why all day he never left my side . . . marketing, chores, peeling onions, and finally splitting ever so much kindling wood? A real Mother's helper.'

Heathcliffe looked up from his crossword puzzle, 'By the way, where is Hareton, my dear?'

'Oh, in the basement, practising his Manual Arts . . . he's so conscientious about his homework . . .'

Hareton was indeed in the basement. He had just put the finishing touches on it. Every razor blade and kindling stick was neatly in its place. I was right to scale—just like his Youth Educator model, only bigger.

Hareton rushed eagerly to the basement stairs.

'Oh, Daddy, come see what I made!' Hareton hated his father.

## Sonnet

Though wall-eyed barkers yelp their secret sure  
And fawn on hopes to make us born again;  
And utilize our grubby kennel-life  
To make us think a heaven answers pain  
Beyond the dirty, sinful dog-fight here;  
Though arch-browed, blue-veined sceptics have us scoff  
And curl our lips at blood and fire and faith;  
Suave-tongued, pronounce us ride a bubble froth,  
An hubris-chariot, powered by unbelief  
Over the rabble's low unthought-paved strife;  
Life is neither. Let faith and cynic drone  
Or whirlwind at us fever-clouded schemes;  
Their dust makes motes that keep the truth unknown  
The world and life's too big to be a dream.

—FRED CLANDFIELD

## *To The Vigilant*

They have come out of the sunset  
The Gypsy people with the silver voices  
Crying, 'Tinker, Tinker,' laughing, singing.  
Passing the low green hedge and the cobbled doorway,  
Passing in their gaudy wagons.

Do you envy them, the Gypsy people,  
You who peer from muslin curtains  
Trying to look condescending  
Hair skinned back, and apron  
Nicely starched? — Eternal symbol.

They have gone into the twilight  
The Gypsy people — into silver shadows,  
Crying, 'Softly, softly,' laughing, dreaming  
Of drowsing chickens over the low grey hedges,  
The hedges you will never climb.

—HELEN J. EISERT



## *Hope*

To-morrow is perfection's child.  
Her laughter satiates  
    and re-excites  
        unspoken dreams;  
her playful whispers  
    waken sleeping hope.  
Through time's long hall  
    her melody reverberates —  
bringing joy and warmth  
    to that place  
        where disconcern prevailed.  
As long as breath escapes  
    her lungs,  
as long as she remains a child,  
    innocent and unfulfilled.  
she can instill  
    the will to live  
    within a heart.

—LORNA K. LYLE

## Wood

Panel against panel  
Fitting smoothly into place  
Gleaming softly in the twilight  
Glowing in the fire's blazing  
Darkly liquid by the candles  
Firm to hand and smooth to touch  
Speckled graining gently waving  
Ripples in the very wood.  
Cleansing tang of new cut timber  
Blending with the quiet night,  
Mystery odour of the forests  
Lifting soul and freshening heart  
Lending beauty to the evening  
Spreading grace and symmetry  
Giving meaning to the Present  
Oh, immortal wood.

—MARGOT GWYNN

---

## Theology

You who dwell on eternal  
Why not on fleeting?  
With the glory of a moment  
The forever is meeting.

—A. R. BALET

PHILLIP HEATH

## *There's Something in Going to Sea*

---

You know, there's something in going to sea  
That takes a man by the heart,  
And lifts him as high  
As the gliding gulls that ride in the sky,  
With a spirit as light in as flashing a way  
As the leap from the crest of the snowy drop spray;  
That makes him aware that every care  
Has been carried away on the clean salty air;  
The clean salty breath of the foam-fingered tide  
That's taking the ship for a long-charging ride.  
Takes a man by the heart, and lifts him up free,  
Does going to sea.

But then, there's something in going to sea  
That takes a man by the stomach,  
And hauls from its pit  
What it wanted to keep, every gorge-stretching bit;  
That puts tears in his eyes, and cold sweat on his skin,  
And each shivering nerve on its point, like a pin,  
Till he staggers around, like a sad dying hound,  
Seeking pity and six feet of hard, solid ground;  
The hard solid shore that's a heaven removed  
From this hellblasting sea like a stallion hooved.  
Takes a man by the stomach, and withers the knee,  
Does going to sea.

And yet, there's something in going to sea  
That takes a man by the soul,  
And will not let him go  
Till the great watchbell tolls him his long watch below;  
Till he sees the rose glow on the wave before night,  
When the last playful porpoise has dived out of sight,  
And he knows with regret that the grave might forget  
Those tropical landscapes in black silhouette,  
When the twilight hung hushed on the dark brooding shore,  
And the sea lay as smooth as a green marble floor.  
Takes a man by the soul and it won't let him be,  
For there's something of God in the power of the sea.



## The Barrier

---

To L. H.

'Pardon me, sir,' said the young man, hesitantly. 'Has the bus gone yet?'

The short, black-coated figure turned slowly to him. Black-rimmed, rheumy eyes registered impatience at his impertinence. 'No, it's not gone yet.'

The youth stepped back. He turned his head this way and that to feel the heavy collar of his overcoat bristle against his cheeks. Then he settled himself to wait. The wind was dying slowly, and in the vacuum of its fall he turned his thoughts into the light.

It is Thursday, he said to himself. And it is near eight o'clock. She'll be on the next bus. He conjured a bus with her descending figure, long, black coat topped by a tam of red. He teeth were white in the dusk of her face. I wonder whether I'd want her white, he mused. If she weren't coloured, she wouldn't be Laura.

His reverie broke. Two small boys, bundled and breathing clouds, hurried by. A bit beyond him they jostled each other on the icy layer that covered the narrow passage of the walk. Snow was a lumpish bank, that had, from the street's edge, impeded progress and forced the

trampling of a new channel. Their talk rose to screams as they began to run, putting one foot and then the other in the deeper snow that bounded the foot-marked trough. He turned his face up at a wet brushing. It had begun to snow. Great, fat flakes fell softly to his shoulders and coat front.

It had snowed the night of the concert, too. Laura had come in late, had slipped to her seat beside him during the first selection. He had been surprised to hear a vigorous applause beside him at the close of the piece. At his look she had ceased. Her hair was dark, her neck a graceful column. She smiled.

'Pardon me, Could you tell me where we are?' he said vaguely, thinking this a feeble excuse for conversation.

'Why, the scherzo is just done,' she smiled. 'Now he'll do the Bach.'

'Oh. Good. Plays well, doesn't he?'

'Yes,' she returned in a voice not thick but deep, in phrases that fell with husky music from her lips. 'Given the time he could become a true artist.'

'Do you play?'

'Oh. I have a bit.'

'I hope you don't mind my speak-

ing out. My name's Bob. Bob Baxter.'

'And I'm Laura Johnson.'

They had sat through another hour of Bach and Liszt, he aware of her quiet fragrance and delicately-boned face. She was slight and strong he had gathered from the grace and force of her few movements. And so sad and wise a face. They went for coffee later and lingered to share words. In a short while they had agreed upon a mutual dislike for modern painting, a liking for Lawrence, Shaw, and Joyce, and a fondness for large dogs. He drove her home to her house on the lower South Side.

Further concerts had seen the institution of an acquaintance that pleased them both. He came to see her as an exceptionally sweet, serious, and mature girl, bitter only towards her long-separated parents, her dead white father and her black mother. She stayed in Edmonton, he learned, with a coloured couple, her aunt and uncle. By now his friends had begun to talk of this 'unfortunate' affair. But through the following spring, summer and fall their friendship persisted and deepened. It had been nearly a year now. And they met every Thursday evening at this bus stop.

A bus went by on the far side of the street, whining as it gathered power from the line overhead. It went by upon the other side of the long islands, in and out behind the trees on those islands. The trees. The trees were a coated miracle. This very morning he had awakened to a world whiter and more finely etched than any he had ever seen.

The deciduous tree, were like branching white veins against the dull of the clouded day. Now in the evening the helium lights had cast a pale blue, other-world glow upon all the trees. The white water-fall of a weeping birch hung like a lovely straight lace in that blue. Across the boulevard he could make out the fir trees in the front yards. These had amassed a greater burden upon their needled arms. They dropped sadly and purely in the quaint blue light. Underneath, he knew, in a dark and green, sweet scented hollow, there would be no snow. And he remembered.

A month ago, before Christmas, they had gone skiing in the foothills on the Rockies. But he could not see the mountains for her lively figure, ski-suited and lithe on the snow-deeped slopes. There was a boyish awkwardness in her movements, a simplicity and a muscular honesty that took his eye far more readily than the mere sterility of grace. It was surprising that she skied, members of her race not being, to his mind, snow denizens. But she fell and laughed and wiped the snow from her face. He brushed her suit off with the clumsy affectionate beating of a mittened hand, all the while tingling at her smile and teasing.

In the large cabin in the evening they sat apart from the rest, talking and watching one another. Now he saw the full beauty of her mixed blood. Her lips were red upon grey, soft and curving. Her eyes were dark with the blackest of lashes. The skin of her face was a firm, blooming grey. When she talk-

ed, she moved her hands freely and gracefully, those members with their thin strength adding more life to her velvet tones. And she laughed with a tauting of the skin on high cheek bones and with a gaze, quiet and direct, on him. When Laura fell quiet, she seemed so old and fine. Her eyes could mirror the softest sympathy or the keenest joy. And she had listened patiently while he told of the firs and the fine rabbits that rested in the snow cups beneath them, warm and safe in the scented hollow.

He detected, suddenly, the shift of feet and the turn of heads. The bus was coming, monotoning its way down the white length of the boulevard like some great, windowed box hung on the trolley by a child before his sleep. The waiting groups bunched, gentlemen shuffling aside to allow escorts to the front. The crowd was a motley: two or three roughly-clothed workingmen, several black-jacketed, sneering teen-agers, one small silent Chinese, an old woman with a spring hat, a nimble, red-faced, fat man, and a couple with child-in-arms.

He shuffled his feet. Now there grew within him an effervescent expectation, and ever greater awareness of all the detail about him.

Further up the boulevard he could see the clash of the neon. The bus came quickly down the lane between the trees, disturbing not a whit their purity and snow-cruised balance. Now he strained his eyes, for he could at last make out the black upper bodies in the approaching bus. Come close, he said, come closer.

The brakes exhaled. Along the iron flank of the bus he walked, searching for her dark head and its bright tam. He retraced his steps. Then he caught the driver's arm-wave. He went hurriedly to the door and mounted the steps.

'She sent a message for you,' said the fat, kindly driver. He had seen them meeting for months. No one could help but warm to Laura's graciousness.

The passengers listened.

'A message? What was it?'

'Said she was going south to her mother. Said she was sorry. That's all. Sorry.' The driver's face registered a gentle pain.

'Nothing else?'

'No . . . .'

He stepped down. The night was cold, so cold. He'd not noticed it before. The night was cold above the white wonder of the trees in a deep slumber of hoar frost.

Date Due

DEC 18 '57

JUN 2 '59

~~APR 1 '60~~

APR 4 '60

FEB 8 RETURN



LH 3 A3 S94 V-4 1956  
STET

40021862 HSS



\* 000030700272 \*



**B1845**